

Feast of All Saints: Those unknown by all but Him.

In alcoves, shelves and plinths we raise
the ones the Church has thought to praise.

And then we focus on their lives
to find in them a source of hope.

But do we look from stone and wood,
and gaze at those who kneel in prayer.
The man who doubts yet still holds firm,
the woman who loves through her grief.

The quiet kindness shared in shade,
the gentle faithfulness in dark.
The one who, from her poverty,
still gen'rous, opens out her purse.

This day is theirs and ones like them,
not Saints of heralded renown,
but ones who, in the shadows worked,
and seen by Him received their crown.

Canon Mark Skelton.

